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THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD



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M. AND MME LEUBA AND THEIR FAMILY AT NANTES

THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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VOLUME XVI

DECEMBER, 1898

NUMBER 4

Please examine the wrapper of your magazine: if you find this mark **X** upon it your subscription for next year is now due.

The General Secretary reports that special subscriptions to the RECORD are not coming in as rapidly as is usual at this time of year, and that some Auxiliaries are sending for a smaller number of copies than usual. We will not here press the point that the RECORD, if properly used, would be the means of bringing into the treasury of any Auxiliary far more than the cost of an ample subscription. Rather, we would announce that several features of special interest are to be added to the RECORD for 1899, and that this is therefore a particularly inopportune time for discontinuing one's subscription, whether as a private individual who desires to keep in touch with the Mission, or as an Auxiliary which seeks to extend a knowledge of the work.

We point especial attention to the announcement of the Committee on Representative Work which will be found on page 3. It vitally concerns every Auxiliary. In this connection it is proper to say that Mrs. Mitchell Tyng, who, as our readers already know, has been in France the past six months, has prepared several illustrated lectures about France, which she would be glad to deliver before Clubs, Missionary and other societies, or as public lectures. Those who have read Mrs. Tyng's delightful articles in the October RECORD will feel assured of the interesting character of her lectures, and if any have influence to secure a place for one of them in public courses, or in those of Women's Clubs, they will help our mission cause by awakening a more general interest in the present condition of France. Mrs. Tyng may be addressed on this subject at the Bureau, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The French edition of the Biography of Dr. McAll is now issued. It differs considerably from the English book, and will, we trust, be widely read in France, where it cannot fail to be useful in proportion as it is read. In the preparation of this edition Mrs. McAll has had the valuable assistance of M. Réveillaud, a master of French style. The book is, therefore, one of peculiar charm, and should appeal to all American friends who are readers of French,

not only to those who desire to know those additional facts about Dr. McAll's life and work which this book contains, but also to those who read French for the sake of the language. Those who desire to procure a copy may order it through Miss Remington. The price is seventy-five cents, postpaid.

Auxiliaries that would like to contribute toward the expenses of the Mission Boat may find it desirable to have mite boxes in the form of the *Bon Messenger*, such as are in use in England. The expenses of the Boat are about five dollars a day all the year round (for the *Bon Messenger* is now in commission all the year), and it is perfectly safe to say that no other mission agency in the world can surpass this in the proportion of results to expenditures. A *Bon Messenger* mite box on the table at Auxiliary meetings would gather the "many littles" that would make a much needed "mickle" for this fascinating and important work.

The Paris Committee have decided to go on with the building of the second boat, although the entire amount (\$2000) needed to supplement the generous gift of \$5000 by an American lady is not yet collected. In the October RECORD Mr. Greig announced that the building of the second boat would not be begun until the needed sum (\$7000) was in hand, but since the cost of building will be greatly enhanced if the contract is not immediately awarded, before the pressure of work for the exposition becomes excessive, it has been decided to make the contract at once. Fifteen hundred dollars still remain to be collected. Cannot some of the Auxiliaries place *Bon Messenger* mite boxes in the homes of friends of the Mission, to receive little thank offerings and other mites that will not be subtracted from the regular subscription?

The summer heat was unusually trying in Paris this year, and the workers had not a little to bear of fatigue and exhaustion in their daily task. But the meetings were continued, and the attendances were but little below the usual average for the time of year. There are always many strangers in Paris in summer, coming up from country parts to visit the capital, and the summer meetings offer the opportunity of reaching some of them as they stroll about the streets and boulevards.

On another page will be found an account of the Second Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Paris. It is particularly interesting to us, because it was Mr. Greig who introduced the Christian Endeavor movement into France, the first society in the country being that now in his church at Bercy. The Editor of the RECORD attended one of its meetings while in Paris.

SPEAKERS FOR THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

The Committee on Representative Work are happy to report that the work in France will be abundantly and ably represented this year, both in meetings of the Auxiliaries and in the annual convention next May. This is a fact of especial importance, for which we have reason to be very grateful, for it is unquestionably true that the Auxiliaries will this year have to face unusual difficulties in meeting their pledges. The late war has made a heavy drain upon the purses and the sympathies of all classes, and it has left us with new problems and new responsibilities which appeal, not only to the Christian conscience, but to that love of new interests which is natural to us all. It is not easy for us, in the face of new obligations, to remember that the old ones still have their claims. The only way to insure the discharge of our duty toward them is not to let them become old, but to keep our interest in them ever fresh and new. And this can only be done by keeping ourselves informed of the new developments, the new opportunities, the new claims of the work which in itself is old. If our subscribers are not to fail of keeping up their subscriptions, we must make them see that the present claims of the work are vitally important, and its opportunities not outworn. Even in these times of financial pressure it is not hard to collect money from those who are informed as to the actual facts of the McAll Mission. Those who *know* seldom refuse to *give*. For these reasons the Board has taken measures to have the work thoroughly represented during the coming year; to send to every Auxiliary, large and small, for at least one meeting during this period, some one who knows the work in France, who has been in close relations with it, and who can speak with fresh knowledge and enlightened enthusiasm of the opportunities it is now affording to those American Christians who desire to promote the kingdom of God.

1. It is with peculiar satisfaction that we announce the coming visit of Pastor Emile Lenoir. Our readers will recognize his name as for years the highly efficient director of the work in Marseilles and, in a sense, of all the stations along the Riviera. He is a leader of the temperance movement in France, and has already made for himself a name, not only in French Protestant circles, but among all French philanthropists, for his great successes in this field. M. Lenoir is of Swiss extraction and speaks English delightfully. He is the son-in-law of M. Sautter, the eminent banker, who since Dr. McAll's death has been Honorary Chairman of the Paris Board of Direction. This Board has lately called Pastor Lenoir to leave Marseilles and remove to Paris, his efficient services being needed in that important field, and his experienced counsel on the Board itself. We cannot, therefore, too highly appreciate the sacrifice which the friends in Paris have made in sparing him to us this winter.

The Chairman of your Committee on Representative Work made the

acquaintance of Pastor Lenoir in Paris a few weeks ago, and found him to more than realize her highest expectations of his fitness to represent the work in America. She is convinced that every Auxiliary and church which may be so fortunate as to have an address from him will be stimulated to lend stronger support than ever to the McAll Mission. M. Lenoir will arrive in this country in time to begin work immediately after the Week of Prayer, and will remain with us until after the Annual Meeting. Officers of Auxiliaries are requested to arrange, as far as practicable, union Sunday services and prayer meeting addresses for M. Lenoir, as well as Auxiliary meetings. Letters concerning M. Lenoir's engagements may be addressed to Miss Lent.

2. Mrs. Mitchell Tyng, who was sent by the Board to France, last May, to gather information and inspiration, returned to New York in safety on October 22d. She is full of enthusiasm, and has many new and interesting things to tell. We desire that every Auxiliary should hear her, and we hope that her influence will reach to places where there is as yet no established McAll work. Mrs. Tyng has carefully prepared three addresses, looking at the Mission from slightly differing points of view. These she is ready to deliver with or without a lantern, as Auxiliaries may elect. The following prospectus of her lectures is very attractive :

"SIX MONTHS WITH THE WORKERS IN FRANCE."

Under the auspices of the American McAll Association.

REPORT OF MRS. MITCHELL TYNG.

I.

Springtime in Paris.—The Paris "Salles."—Groups of Bible Students.—Temperance Reunions.—The Dispensary Work.—Mothers' Meetings.—The Children's Fêtes.—Societies of Christian Activity.—The French Pastors.—Philanthropic Work in Paris.—Suburban Salles.—Sèvres.—Montreuil.—Boulogne-sur-Seine.

II.

Two Visits to the *Bon Messager*.—Navigable Rivers and Canals in France.—The Swiss Border.—The Côte d'Or.—The South.—Grenoble.—Lyons.—St. Étienne and the Ribbon Makers.—A Norwegian Choir.—Limoges and the Porcelain Workers.—Nantes.—Rochefort.—La Rochelle.—Angers.—Strongholds of Protestantism in France.

III.

The Northern Stations.—Pas de Calais and the Coal Miners.—The Weavers of Lille and Roubaix.—Boulogne-sur-Mer.—Marquise.—The Vineyard Country.—St. Quentin.—Rheims.—Epernay.—Work of the Colportors.—Autumn Reunions in Paris.

During November Mrs. Tyng has had engagements in New York, Newark, New Haven, Hartford, Elizabeth and other places. It is desirable to economize expense and time by making engagements in a given locality at closely succeeding dates, and Auxiliaries are therefore urged to make known their wishes as to the time for receiving Mrs. Tyng. Correspondence relating to Mrs. Tyng's engagements may be addressed to Mrs. Dimock.

3. Mrs. Houghton spent several weeks of the autumn in France, especially studying not only the Mission *work*, but the Mission *field*, the actual condition of French Protestantism, the attitude of the French public to the McAll Mission, and other subjects of the kind. She visited many remote and unfamiliar parts of France, the strongholds of the Huguenot faith and history, and she returns to this country more profoundly convinced than ever of the value of the McAll Mission, its peculiar fitness to meet the pressing needs of France, and the hopefulness of the work as actually carried on.

So far as other duties permit, Mrs. Houghton is ready to speak at Auxiliary meetings in New England and the Middle States until the middle of February, and in Ohio during Lent. Correspondence on this subject may be addressed to Mrs. Houghton.

THE COMMITTEE ON REPRESENTATIVE WORK.

MRS. LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON, 19 St. Nicholas Place, New York.

MISS ALETTA LENT, 120 East Twenty-ninth Street, New York.

MRS. GEORGE E. DIMOCK, 907 North Broad Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

A brief allusion was made two months ago to the report that a convert of one of the Marseilles halls was about to go to the Congo as a missionary. Further particulars will be interesting to our readers. M. Moschetto, who has lately been accepted by the Foreign Missionary Society of the Reformed Church of France, is one of the fruits of that temperance work in Marseilles in which M. Lenoir has been so eminently successful. He is an artisan, a Roman Catholic by education, and has now for five years given proof of the reality of his conversion and of his salvation from the power of absinthe. He has witnessed a good confession among his work-mates as well as in the meetings, and we trust that he will be the means of much blessing in his new field of service. He will be at the head of the saw-mills at Talagouga, and will set up turbines on the River Ogooué.

THE MUSICAL METHODS OF THE MISSION.

An incident related in *Le Bon Messager* illustrates the important part that music plays in the Mission work. From that 21st of January when the first group of workmen were drawn together, as much by Mrs. McAll's delightful playing heard through the half-open door, as by the widely distributed invitation, "Some English friends desire to speak to you of the love of Jesus Christ," down to the present time, when in Mr. Greig's church at Bercy the evening services are opened with a little concert of stringed instruments and pianos, the McAll Mission has been remarkable for the variety of methods by which it has pressed into the service the musical abilities of its workers. This is the incident referred to. The writer is one of the Mission workers.

"The most interesting branch of my work is my visits to the working people who attend our meetings. I make these visits in the evening when the father is home from the shop. The mother calls the children in from the street, and then we all sing hymns together. When it is possible we have worship before separating.

"One evening we improvised a concert which made an impression in the whole quarter in which one of our friends resides. He is an old soldier who belonged to the regimental band, and who plays the trombone very well. He is very fond of music, and when I sing hymns he accompanies me with his singular instrument. One evening when I was singing a hymn with trombone accompaniment a member of our Young Men's Christian Association, who plays the violin tolerably, passed the door. He at once went for his violin and joined us; so there we were, all three, one blowing, another wielding the bow and I singing with might and main. 'It was wonderful to see, wonderful to hear,' as the poet says, and, indeed, that evening I indulged in musical flourishes as bold as they were surprising.

"The good folks of the quarter were filled with delight; some came into the street, some listened behind half-opened doors, the bravest penetrated to the very kitchen where we were sitting. It was almost ten o'clock when, being at the end of my strength, I closed the concert. It will long be remembered by those who heard it."

Let us remember that these were hymns, not street songs, which so aroused the interest of these tired workmen. The little incident casts light upon more than one important feature of our work; the busy, overtaxed missionary who finds time to sing hymns in a workingman's kitchen, and who has the sense of humor that makes tolerable such an evening as he describes, the workmen who find pleasure in listening to hymns, do we not find here indications of the hopefulness of our work, from the point of view, both of the soil in which we labor and of the character of the laborers?

THE FÊTE AT NANTES.

TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT.

The *fête* was to be four or five days of festivities, with meetings, addresses, reports, etc., at the Protestant temple of Nantes, to wind up with a grand banquet and a pilgrimage to Sucé, where was the first Protestant place of worship in the dark days of persecution. The time was the last of May.

To leave Paris Monday morning at 7.55 from the remote Gare Montparnasse, meant much hurry and anxiety, for even the servants in Paris hardly stir before seven o'clock—this was the first step. It was very restful and beautiful, however, to go whirling down towards Chartres, through the country of modern chateaux, that of Madame de Maintenon being most famous; to see the fine Percheron horses grazing in the fields, and to know that one could stop off for an hour and a half to see the wonderful carvings of the old cathedral, and still reach Nantes in time for Monsieur le Pasteur Couve's address of welcome to the assembly at eight o'clock in the evening.

It was no trouble at all to go up, even in the night, through the long street from the comfortable Hotel des Voyageurs at Nantes, to which M. Soltau had directed me, and find myself crossing an open circle to the temple. It looked in shape a little like the Pantheon at Rome, being an octagon, and is one of the handsomest of the Protestant churches in France. Within was extreme simplicity, but great clearness and richness in the decorations of the unbroken auditorium. The church was full, the whole floor being reserved for delegates. Upstairs, in the cage-like divisions of the galleries, were all visitors, and I was soon among the number. M. Couve was already standing in the high pulpit in his black silk gown when I entered. The choir was singing a beautiful chant. M. Couve's "allocution" was one of welcome, and historic in its review. The names oftenest heard were those of "Catherine de Medicis," "Henri Quatre," and "les Huguenots." The key-note was gratitude for the liberty of worship which exists to-day in France, that the "*cuite Protestante*" is also under the protection and patronage of the State.

And such an audience he spoke to! This *fête* was the grand rally of Protestant France. From every corner, every department, the delegates and invited persons had come, and thanks to the generous hospitality of M. Durrand-Gasselin, were comfortably cared for. The roll-call on Tuesday morning was a revelation. Pastors from the Reformed and Free Churches, students from the faculties of Paris, Montanbau, Geneva and Neuchatel, young men who are to uphold the church of the future and enlarge her borders;

mission workers from Madagascar and the Congo, and representatives of the various philanthropic and religious societies of France—three hundred and fifty in all. The first day of work was taken up with salutations and addresses from various quarters. Luther's magnificent choral closed the session, swelling to the arches of the roof with a fullness and strength that thrilled every heart.

M. Weiss, the historian of French Protestantism and Director of the Protestant Library in Paris, made a wonderful showing of facts at one of the sessions. He had just returned from the celebration of the Huguenot Society in New York, and we must remember that the whole plan of the three hundredth celebration was the happy inspiration of an American lady of Huguenot descent. M. Félice, the author of that fascinating work, "The Pastors of the Desert," made also during the week a brilliant and amusing address, taking for his subject, "How the Edict was Ignored and Broken," as it was for more than a hundred years after it was signed.

One realized from day to day through the week, not so much the largeness of numbers, as the fine material of French Protestants, worthy descendants of noble ancestors, whose lives required faith and fortitude of no small degree. The French deaconesses, in their varied offices of teachers, helpers of the poor and the sick, the prisoners of drink and crime, these were finely represented. Missions, too, held a front place in the reports. I am sorry to say that, by some oversight, the McAll Mission had not been asked to send a delegate, but all the same they had one, for in the enthusiasm of the first day, without standing on any ceremony, I sent a little note to the Secretary in my best French to present the congratulations of the "American McAll Association to the Protestants of France, with whom they are one in sympathy." I tremble now to think of it, but I was thanked very effusively by the Secretary, M. Diény, assistant pastor of the Temple at Nantes, afterwards.

It was the banquet that crowned the happiness of the *fête*. It was given on Thursday at noon, in the great Salle Gault. Four hundred guests were assembled, and the toasts and good-fellowship flowed apace. The flower decorations were beautiful, and everywhere were glimpses on the wall of the tri-color of France. M. Couve, who is a delight to listen to always, said, as he stood at the table of honor, with M. Gasselin and Baron Schickler, that he seemed to see their "grand ancestors entering the salle, simple, severe, austere, virtuous, in their sixteenth century costumes. Should they come in very truth, what would they find in their descendants? In our language, in our thoughts, in our customs of life, much to astonish them. But," he continued, "they would be satisfied, I am sure, to find those descendants faithful to the religious principles for which their own blood had flowed, striving still to claim this beautiful France for freedom and for Christ." The pious pilgrimage to Sucé,

by boat, closed the *fête*. It was there the good Viscountesse de Rohan, Isabelle d'Albret, aunt of Henri Quatre, established a temple at her own chateau, and bade the faithful come in those dark old days. Some of the old buildings still stand.

The result of this great festival will be assuredly felt in the renewal of resolve and courage. When one turns from the pageant of Romanism, as seen daily in the great cathedrals, to this simple, soul-searching, soul-stirring service, and to the always open Bible, the emblem of the Protestant, one longs with a yearning that is almost rebellious that France and her people may come into their rightful possession as sons of God and followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Saviour and Sacrifice.

The pastors went their way. I went mine, which led me to La Rochelle and Rochefort, down the coast of the Bay of Biscay.—EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.

Our readers will remember the appeal from the Paris Board in the October RECORD for special prayer that some one might be raised up to take the place of Pastor Escande, who left our Grenelle Station, Paris, to take up the work of his cousin, a missionary in Madagascar, who had been murdered by the natives. The Grenelle hall was temporarily put in charge of M. Jaccard, and since his call to a pastorate, M. Tricot, the converted anarchist, has been placed over the work. Readers of the RECORD will doubtless recollect the article entitled "Two French Anarchists and the Gospel," by Professor Bertrand, which is now reprinted in one of our booklets. That relates the remarkable story of M. Tricot's life, and of his ardent zeal in favor of anarchist teaching. He was the editor of the paper *La Lutte*, and later of *L'Internationale*. He was imprisoned for two years at one time, owing to his violent propaganda, advising the people on one occasion to burn the houses of the rich and murder the owners. The story of his conversion is deeply interesting, and those who have not read it should do so, and obtain copies of the booklet for distribution.

M. Tricot is a powerful speaker, and can draw from his experience in a manner that arrests attention and goes home to heart and conscience. The Editor of the RECORD had the pleasure of meeting him while in Paris in September, of hearing him offer prayer in the Workers' Prayer Meeting in the Royale, and conduct a service in his salle at Grenelle. She was much impressed with his deep spirituality, as well as with his profound acquaintance with the religious needs of his audience. Arrangements have been completed by which M. Tricot will have charge of Grenelle Hall during the coming year. We urge that he may have the support of much prayer, that he may be blessed and prospered in his work.

A PRETTY VILLAGE WEDDING.

BY THE REV. S. R. BROWN.

It was Monday, 6th June, that the slow train halted at the "*Halte*," of Frépillon, about twelve miles from Paris, for the village boasts neither inn nor railway station. Generally I have been the solitary traveler to alight, but to-day we were a band. On the footway Monsieur T. stood in shirt sleeves and a huge white tie, to receive the wedding guests. The shirt was spotless white, and the long cuffs had gilt or gold studs. Coats are an impediment; he had left his at home, for he had work to do to-day. It was Lucie's wedding day, and the group around him of relatives and friends, known and unknown, had all come to do honor to the bride. There was Pastor de Félice, the historian of historic name, with black bag containing gown and bands; Mlle. Appia, President of the Y. W. C. A., with a large basket; Miss Ramsay, with a band-box; and Miss Dreys, from *La Mission Populaire*, with a box; not to speak of relatives. We stood in a group, an awkward moment, for we were strangers to each other. M. T. had not cultivated etiquette! He took my hand, and when he heard the ladies' names, Lucie's friends, he exclaimed: "Oh, M. B., *que je suis content, que je suis content.*" I remembered his son's wedding, who changed his religion to marry a girl beneath him. M. T. sulked that day. No member of the family was allowed to go to the *mairie* or the church; to disown his mother's faith, a saint in heaven, and his grandmother's, for a country lassie, was too much. Lucie was allowed to creep into the church after the service to kiss her sister-in-law, and say she hoped some day her father would accept her as a "*bru.*" A sad day was that. But to-day all was "*à la joie.*"

"Happy is the bride the sun shines on." The sun was shining bright and warm. The sun was in her father's heart, and beamed in his face. Had not these guests come from far? From Holland, her brother and sister-in-law; from Madagascar, M. and Mme Durand, evangelists, on sick leave; from Belgium, Mme Moll, a pastor's wife, her new sister. Well might she say: "Oh, I am content, I am happy."

We passed through waving corn along a road lined with apple trees in blossom, and cherry trees laden with fruit, the air perfumed with flowers, and larks singing in the sky. Arrived at the home, we entered a large barn, the floor covered with a thick layer of new sand, the walls decorated with green boughs, and a long table decked with flowers.

M. T. brought out his future son-in-law and introduced him to us.

"You have not seen Lucie!"

"No," I said.

"But come in!"

So we passed through the farmer's kitchen, where busy hands were preparing the wedding feast, to a small parlor. Here the bride stood meekly whilst the visitors from Paris and relations in Frépillon discussed how she should wear her veil. One wanted it thrown all over the head and hanging down in front. What! hide her face, and the children all waiting to see her at the door, and the village lining the streets to see her pass?

Local custom prevailed, and the veil was thrown back. At the *mairie* there was a long pause to get the papers *en règle*. In the meantime, the bridesmaid ran back to fetch the forgotten wedding rings, and *madame la cousine* went round begging hair pins to re-arrange the refractory veil. But at last it was rolled up, pinned behind the coronet of orange blossoms, like an aureole, setting off the face. The *mairie* put the short questions, and in the name of the law proclaimed the happy pair man and wife.

Then the *mairie* vacated his seat, removed his badge of office, the secretary took away the code of the law, and the law of the Lord took its place whilst the M. le Pasteur in full dress took the chair of M. le Maire.

I was as much surprised as pleased at this act of toleration. M. de Félice made a graceful allusion to M. le Maire's edict of Nantes, so that the civil law and the religious ceremony had taken place under the same roof, and had shaken hands to release them each to follow its own work.

"Thank M. le Maire, Mr. B.," said a lady. So I did. "I am very grateful to you," I said. "It is as tolerant as graceful on your part in allowing the religious ceremony to take place at the *mairie*."

"You confuse me," said the *mairie*; "I am pleased to do it."

Now we formed in line, *en règle* this time, and walked through the village lined on both sides with villagers, who nodded and smiled at Lucie, and saw her unveiled face, whilst the children followed her as a bodyguard.

We retired to the barn with sanded floor. M. T. re-appeared in shirt sleeves, only he had donned a blue apron. "Won't you sit down?" "No, I will serve at the *déjeuner*." He sang, for he was in a happy mood. The sisters sang, speeches were made, and toasts, three times repeated, were "*trin-quéd*." And the bride came to sit near her husband. She too was asked to sing. "What?" "Sing 'Liberty,'" said her sisters. I suggested she had just promised to serve. "Oh, well," said the cousin, "love makes that yoke easy." The bride turned to me, "Shall I sing a hymn?" "Yes." So she rose and sang M. Monod's hymn, an adaptation of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"

Sur Toi je me repose,
Oh Jésus mon Sauveur !
Faut-il donc autre chose
Pour un pauvre pécheur ?

She sang it through, her husband joined in the chorus, and all the Protestants afterwards. There was something pathetic in her singing of verse three, dressed in white, crowned with orange blossoms.

*Moi-même en sacrifice,
Immolée désormais ;
Seigneur, à ton service,
Me voici, pour jamais.*

So the simple wedding feast ended, and the Paris visitors had to return to the crowded city, leaving the fresh country-side with its wealth of beauty.

It was a specially interesting ceremony for us, for the bride is a convert of the Boat, of whom we have spoken before in the *Quarterly*, and the good husband is one of the little band of colporters of the noble British and Foreign Bible Society. They are setting up at Rheims, where they will have a fine field of service for the Lord.

—Thus far Mr. Brown. Let the Editor add a few words: In early September she and Mrs. Tyng passed a Sunday at Rheims, and Mme Durand having been notified by Mr. Brown, she invited the two American friends to take a cup of tea in her new home. It was a charming little domicile, as tiny, almost, as a baby house, but with an air of refinement which gave dignity and beauty to the strict economy which a colporter's wife must necessarily practice. Both M. and Mme Durand attend the meetings in the McAll Salle nearest their home (there are two in Rheims), and although modesty had thus far withheld "Lucie" from taking any active part in the work, yet at Mrs. Tyng's persuasion she promised to see what she could do in the way of temperance work among the women of the salle. M. Durand has, of course, other duties, and is often absent on colporting tours. They took us to see the salle, a very well arranged hall opening out of a pleasant court, and Mrs. Tyng made a photograph, including the *concièrge* and his wife, which may perhaps some day appear in the RECORD. We came away deeply impressed with the simplicity and the genuineness of the piety of this young woman, brought to the knowledge of Christ on our little Mission Boat, and as we walked we said: "The Boat is worth all it has cost, if this is an illustration of its success."

Once again we would remind our readers of the twelve booklets published by the Association, and of their peculiar fitness in form and contents for use in correspondence. Send for a dollar's worth. Keep them on your desk, and enclose the right ones in your letters to friends. See titles on inside page of cover.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS IN CONGRESS.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE SECOND CONGRESS OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES OF PARIS, HELD AT BERCY ON 10TH JULY, 1898.

[From *A L'Œuvre*, the monthly organ of Christian Endeavor Work.]

The second gathering of delegates from the Christian Endeavor Societies of Paris, to the number of 200 was held on the afternoon of Sunday, the 10th of July, in the church and hall of the McAll Mission.

After prayer by Pastor Théodore Monod, the Rev. C. E. Greig gave a short address of welcome, reminding the delegates of the object of their meeting, to which an answer was given by Mr. C. W. A. Veditz on behalf of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Rue de Berri Church.

The presidents of the societies represented then withdrew to choose a president for the day, and the choice fell on Mr. Greig, as being the one to introduce the movement into France, and as president of the oldest society in France, that of Bercy.

After singing a hymn, "*Travaillons et Luttons*," the reports of the ten societies present were read. Of these it should be said that five belong to the McAll Mission—viz., Bercy, Montreuil, Salle Rivoli, Rue Nationale, and Les Ternes; three to the French churches—viz., Ste. Marie, St. Maur and Taitbout, while the remaining two are from the American and Wesleyan Churches respectively.

BERCY.

This society was founded in 1888 in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and was afterwards transferred to Bercy. It has three kinds of members enrolled—1, active members, who pledge themselves to work directly for the Lord; 2, associate members, who pray and work without taking any special pledge; and 3, honorary members, those who were formerly active members but who are away from Paris, and who send for each monthly meeting a verse to be read out when their name is called. The present roll is of twenty-four active, thirteen associate, and thirteen honorary members.

The principal work undertaken is evangelization, by singing and praying at Gospel meetings, by school work, visits, special meetings for the young, and meetings in the country, temperance meetings, collections for sending poor children to the country, and so on. Four societies have been founded by the members of Bercy.

The weekly prayer meeting is held on Tuesdays at the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the monthly consecration meeting on Sunday at Bercy.

RUE NATIONALE.

This has been only about a year in full activity. It consists at present of fourteen women, with Pastor H. Merle d'Aubigné as president, but soon men

will be admitted, and then it is believed the work will go forward with increased activity. The great difficulty in this district is that owing to the excessive poverty of the members they work very long hours, and are not able in consequence to be as regular in their attendance at meetings as they otherwise would. The members take part in school work, visits, singing, and helping at the Gospel meetings, etc.

SALLE RIVOLI.

Here the work is varied. One member is nurse in a hospital, and finds plenty to do there for the Lord. Another, lately married, was able to take in for a time a young girl in urgent need of protection. Tract distribution and visiting among the children occupies several usefully, and visits to the blind have been means of blessing. An interesting link with some young girls in Madagascar has been formed, and copies of the McAll hymnbook have been sent out there.

MONTREUIL.

After more than three years' existence this Society numbers eleven active, one honorary and eight associate members formed from the elder scholars of the Sunday-school. Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, and many different branches of work are undertaken, specially that of Gospel temperance.

LES TERNES.

A short report was given of this Society, founded by Miss Johnstone among her girls, but she was not able to be present herself, and so we have no details at hand.

After the reports were finished, Pastor Edouard Sautter preached a stirring sermon from the text "*Tu es mon refuge et ma forteresse.*" This was succeeded by a consecration service, commencing with the hymn, "*Ah, donne à mon âme plus de sainteté,*" when Mr. Greig called the roll, and the delegates of each Society rose and repeated together a verse of Scripture or sang a verse of a hymn or joined together in prayer. At the close Pastor Théodore Monod rose and said: "Allow me in my turn to recite a passage of Scripture, which I give to you in the name of all the pastors and of all the churches that have found these Christian Endeavor Societies to be such sources of blessing.

"These words are from the two last verses of Psalm xc, 'Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants and Thy glory unto their children.

"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, yea the work of our hands establish Thou it.'

"It is a question of the work of God in our favor and of our work for God, alternately. These two works are indispensable and inseparable. The work of the Lord *for us*, if it does not set us at work for Him, is an illusion; our work *for Him*, unless it finds its source in His work for us and in us, will bear no fruit."

After a final hymn and the benediction the congress closed, and all present felt that it was a time of much blessing and refreshment.

GLEANINGS FROM THE TESTIMONIES GIVEN.

I was introduced by one of my friends to a woman, the wife of a working-man. The home was comfortable and simple, but of religion there was not a trace, except that they professed to be Protestants. After the death of one of her children the mother became quite an atheist, hating the very name of God. Not long after she fell ill herself, and there is now no hope of recovery. She can hardly move, and poverty and suffering have taken the place of comfort and health. But the poor woman is an example of joy, of faith, and of patience, and is, indeed, a "new creature in Christ Jesus." She says to those who express their surprise at this change, "God is good in having sent me this suffering so that I might know Him. I have all I need—the pardon of my sins. I have no regrets, the Saviour has given me a thousand times more than what He has taken from me."

I was surprised one day by hearing a blind man singing a McAll hymn in the court of the house in which I live. I found that he attended the meetings for the blind held in the Faubourg St. Antoine Hall and at the Rue Nationale. I asked him if he would not give away tracts instead of the "papers for good luck" that he distributed, and he gladly consented, so now he goes about with his bundle of tracts.

Coming out of a temperance meeting, a man who had signed for three months and had kept his pledge, said, "How is it that while neither my parents, my wife, nor my children have any of them been able to make me change my life, M. X. has such influence on me that he makes me do whatever he pleases?" I explained to him that it was the Spirit of God that was working through M. X. He interrupted me by saying, "Whether it is *le Bon Dieu* or the devil, anyway it is a miracle!"

A poor shoemaker attended our meetings. One evening, at a missionary meeting, he rose and asked that we should pray for him. Since then he came regularly, but after a time fell ill. We visited him and he died in peace, giving evidence of his faith in the Lord.

We used to call his wife Mamma Jules. To get to her dwelling was a long walk, for it lay in the fields outside the city, a poor miserable cottage. There

she lay on her bed, paralyzed, but looking so glad at our approach. "Ah, my children, I was expecting you, for I thought that God would send His angels to visit me." The room was so small we could hardly all get in, but drawing around the bed, we talked about the Lord Jesus, and found her ripe for heaven. "My Saviour suffered more than I do, and this gives me courage." Then we sang the favorite hymn, "*Vers les Cieux*," and the little old lady joined her poor voice, so feeble and cracked, with ours; but with what heart she sang! Then we prayed together, and came away strengthened all of us in our faith.

NICE.

Nice, the far-famed pleasure and health resort, is also the scene of much active Christian work. The McAll Mission has for many years had an evangelist here; and the work has not been without true spiritual results. In the ward for incurables in the city hospital there now lies a young paralyzed woman who was led to simple faith in the Gospel through hearing it preached at these meetings. She has remained faithful through trials and persecutions, though isolated from all Protestants in the hospital, to which she was obliged to go, being an orphan and unable to earn her living. Twice a month, she is allowed to be wheeled to the Temple Evangélique, where she listens to the preaching of His Word.

One of the most regular attendants at the weekly "Conférences Evangéliques" is an elderly French widow, who always sits in one of the first rows. When quite young she lost all faith in the priests and the Roman Catholic Church, and professed no religion, but always retained a belief in God. Then, seized in later years by a painful, supposedly incurable disease, she was attended by an English doctor, to whom she said one day: "You have relieved my body; I wish you could do the same for my soul." Through him some Christian friends visited her, gave her the New Testament, and told her of the McAll meetings, which were held near by. She read the Testament earnestly, attended the services, and listened most eagerly to all the preachers said. A few months later she wrote, saying: "I have given myself to Jesus, and enjoy such peace." The following spring (about four years ago) she was admitted to the Church. She prayed for strength to be given her, so that she might attend the meetings regularly. Her doctors were surprised at the improvement in her health. She wrote to all the members of her family, telling them of her experience, and spoke to those about her of the joy the Gospel had brought her. She had to suffer persecution in different ways. The thing that hurt her most, perhaps, was the remark made by some that she had sold her soul to the Protestants for so many francs. It is a common saying,

both in France and Italy, that 500 francs is given by Protestants to buy over a person to their religion. So firmly is this believed that some have applied to pastors, saying that on these terms they are quite willing to change their religion. Undaunted by misrepresentation, this lady has continued to witness for Christ, and has been greatly cheered by the way in which her brother—a freethinker—has received her testimony. “If religion had been set before me like that,” he said, “I would never have refused it.” He now gladly reads the Gospel.

Other instances might be given of blessing received. Only to-day a woman, who has not yet joined the Protestant Church, but was until recently a fervent Roman Catholic, now passing through a time of severe trial, said: “If it had not been for the consolation received in that hall through the Gospel, I should have gone mad. Now I thank God for my trouble, as it has brought me near to Him. When feeling very sad, I pray, and then I go away happy and singing.”

In connection with the Mission there is a small society, called “Société d'Activité Chrétienne,” composed of those who sign a very simple confession of faith, and band together to do something to advance the cause of Christ. Once a month the members meet together for prayer and meditation on God's Word. Some of the members visit among the people, leaving tracts, lending Testaments and books, and inviting to the meetings. One man went among the cabmen, and after giving Gospel papers to them on the stands, received the addresses of many who said they would be glad to be visited in their homes. Recently two young men have undertaken to distribute among the postmen a monthly paper especially prepared for them.

There is, besides, a reading-room for soldiers, open every day from 5 to 9 p. m., except on Sundays. This is much appreciated by the men. Direct evangelistic work cannot be carried on here, as it is against the law to use such places for spreading either religious or political movements. This hall has been kindly placed at the disposal of two young ladies who conduct a Sunday-school there. The number of children who attend it is most encouraging; over forty names are on the roll. Both Italian and French children attend, so that the teaching has to be carried on in both languages. The families of the children are visited, and then it is found that frequently the texts and truths learned in the schools have been repeated to the parents.—*From the “Missionary Review of the World.”*

HOW IT LOOKS TO M. HUET.

It would seem unnecessary to add anything to Mrs. Tyng's delightful description of the Boat work in the October RECORD, yet there is something in the way that the work appeals to the workers which is missed by even the most sympathetic onlooker. It may be pointed out here that all along the Yonne are found twin villages hardly separated by the little bridge-spanned river, yet each having its own name and distinct identity. Such are Bonnard and Buisson, of which Mr. Brown wrote in the last RECORD. Mrs. Tyng wrote about Cézy; its twin village is St. Aubin. "Before these two names," says M. Huet, "I ask myself which of the two villages has left the most pleasant impression; whether the one in which we have left the most friends, or that in which we seem to have been the most blessed. I cannot express the joy we feel in looking back on this Mission, so truly successful, and which we can say has been one of the most blessed we have held, up to now.

"We had there quite a band of friends from Joigny, who came, eight and ten together, several times a week to join us, walking about six miles for this purpose. We held in all twenty-nine meetings, and our average attendance worked out at 156. There were quite ninety persons who attended regularly, some never missing a single meeting.

"We have left in each village seven or eight families deeply attached to the work, and M. Fourneau hopes to visit them and keep in touch with them.

"At Villevallier we had not such a kindly welcome. The people seemed colder, and there was a band of young people who were anything but sympathetic. This we must expect to find, but it is remarkable to note the difference of temperature, so to speak, in these villages lying so near to each other.

"M. Fourneau has an annex of his church at this place, and he has seen the numbers at his preaching increased since the Boat's visit. Some of the young people from Joigny and Cézy come to the Sunday services now, which shows that they are in earnest, for the distances are long.

"After Villevallier came Villeneuve, and here the work has been excellent, considering the season; the peasantry were out in the harvest field from four in the morning to eight at night.* The hour of meeting was put at nine o'clock, and the audiences were wonderfully good. The heat has been exhausting, even by the river-side."

At a little village called Marsangy, M. Fontagne took the Boat to enable M. and Mme Huet to have a vacation. In September, M. and Mme Huet having returned, Étigny† was visited, and then Sens, where M. Fourneau helped with a prolonged mission, it being a large town and his church being there.

* Mrs. Tyng's graphic description of the peasants' labors in Villeneuve will be remembered.

† It was at Étigny that the Editor visited the Boat, as may be read on another page.

At Joigny* M. Villéger has opened a hall in connection with our Mission, as we are discontinuing the work at Clamecy, a neighboring town.

We again commend the Boat to our readers' prayers, that the autumn may be a time of much blessing. We can thankfully record the many answers to prayer given on the Yonne, and how once again the Lord has given us to see far greater things than our feeble faith expected to witness.

THE MOTHER'S MEETING AT SALLE RIVOLI.

It lasted from the first of October till the last of April. The attendance was an average of 185. We had often 230 women together, and they behaved well, and we had not the least trouble with such a large number to keep the most perfect order. For most of these poor women the two hours spent in our hall is the only happy moment of the whole week. We try to teach them to tell us their cares and difficulties, and if we cannot help them as much as we should like, for want of money, the interest we show them, and often the good advice we give them, and the lesson we teach them, that we have all a Father in Heaven who alone can help us to bear all difficulties of earthly life, and that He has given us His Son to save us by His death, gives them so much comfort, that often we hear them say, "I believe I could not live without my Salle New York." A proof of this is that now, in the midst of summer, the meetings that I continue as long as I stay in town are still attended by seventy women, and I can give them now no material help, not even bread and tea, as in winter. We try also to develop in them the idea of mutual help, in speaking of the two principal commandments of our Lord. I had a very happy example of the performance of that. Two women lived on the same flat, very poorly and in very small rooms. One has no bed, the other no stove, and they have lived so for many years, one giving a place in her bed, that is only fit for one person, and the other lending the stove to prepare her meal. I have had the satisfaction to conduct both at Easter to the Holy Communion, as they have joined our church. One of them is seventy-two years old. She had always worked, but is now too weak. I went for her to the Assistance, and they allowed her *three* francs a month, a real shame! I will send her now to the country; that is an institution undertaken by the wife of a pastor. For forty francs you can send a woman or a child to the country, and for seventy francs to the sea. You can think, as I can spend this year only 300 francs for that use, what a great responsibility it is to make a good choice, for there are perhaps fifty who need it. The Sewing School is also very interesting. We had this winter fifty girls, from six to twelve years, attending every week.

* Described in an article in the October RECORD.

They cannot come if they do not attend the religious schools on Sunday and Thursday. In six months the little ones made 157 garments, and then I closed, because it is expensive. But here in France they must be attracted. It seems that in Roman Catholic countries that is the case. I forgot to tell you of the class of adults we keep Sunday after the service. We are five ladies, keeping each a group, and these groups gave the most conversions. They are free to pose questions, and we can explain. I have a class of twenty-five, and several have already joined the church.

PARIS, July 3, 1898.

MADAME PLEYSIER.

FROM A VISITORS' NOTE BOOK.

One day when I went to visit a member of my *groupe* I found her at home with her husband, an elderly man, a regular *habitué* of the *salle*. As we were talking about the Christian life he said, "When one temptation passes another comes; but the Lord comes to meet us, holds out His hand to us and lifts us up." He added, "When I am vexed I pray, 'Lord, come to my help.'"

I am sorry to say that this man and his wife have not been to the hall of late because some evil-disposed person had accused them of coming to beg, which was utterly false. I hope that they will come back again.

It is a pleasure to visit Mme M. She is a widow and not without her trouble, but her face is always beaming with good nature. She said one day, "I am so happy! I have everything. God gives me everything. When one is a Christian one is happy, one is contented with anything, isn't it so?"

One of the regular patients at the dispensary is dear old Mme V., who is almost blind. This spring she told me that about three weeks before an old woman who had no shelter for the night came to her and asked to be taken in. It was very inconvenient for Mme V., and at first she was inclined to say no, but then she thought if it were Jesus who came to her house she would not keep Him out, so she let in the old woman for His sake.

As Mme V. is poor and has no means of gaining her living, it was agreed that when the old woman earned a little money she should pay something for her lodging. This amounted to about three sous a night.

Mme V. has only a narrow bed which she has to share with the lodger. She says that they sleep diagonally with one's head near the feet of the other. One night this unprofitable boarder came home late, and when she knocked Mme V. said to herself, "I won't open the door," but then she thought, "Jesus has had so much patience with me, I ought to have patience with her." So she got up and let in the old woman.

E. L. CHICKERING.

THREE DAYS AT ETIGNY.

[The editor ventures to give the following extract from one of her home letters, by way of bringing the story of the *Bon Messager* down to date. She visited it in September, some weeks later than Mrs. Tyng's visits to it at Cézy and Villeneuve.]

“Cabaret of ‘The Meeting Place of Fishermen,’ Étigny.—Here I am in a queer little wayside inn, where I am to take my meals while I am visiting the Mission Boat. The Boat is moored close by on the Yonne, a pretty little river which goes meandering along in a wide green intervalle between distant hills. Little Étigny, though a station (for *very* way trains) on the Lyons Railway, is so entirely out of the line of travel, so wholly unvisited by foreigners, so utterly provincial and French, that I feel like putting on wooden shoes and a cap, or tying my head up in a cotton handkerchief, like the other old women of the district. My lodging, where I am to sleep and take morning coffee, is in the funniest little house! My hostess, a neat-looking widow, follows the amiable occupation of fostering poor little wizened children of Parisian shopkeepers, an industry which seems to be prevalent in Étigny. It would break your hearts to see the forlorn little baby that hangs over her arm most of the time, too pitifully resigned to this cruel world to cry about its half dozen abscesses. The little creature is clean, and so are the other two babies, tiny toddling things, who complete the family, and the woman appears to be good to them. If I had seen the baby I could hardly have taken the room, but M. Huet (our evangelist on the Boat) was so enchanted at having found so palatial a residence for me that it would have been a pity to disappoint him.

“As all things are but relative, so is my room, in fact, very fine. It is brick-floored and whitewashed, containing two huge and gorgeous beds, of the altar-like variety that the French housewife dotes upon, an immense wardrobe with all the family linen, the best garments of the household adorn its walls, and peacock feathers and other ‘articles of bigotry and virtue’ its mantelshelf; it has a great fireplace with majestic iron fire dogs, a small mirror far above my angle of vision, a large round table, six rush-bottomed chairs and two large windows opening into a courtyard which has its picturesque incidents, though not such as you would care to import into your own. My room, when I took it, was destitute of toilet conveniences; but when I pointed out to my hostess that such would be welcome she brought me a cream pitcher full of water and a bowl about large enough to hold a custard for a family of two. However, her own extreme cleanliness gives me a cheerful confidence in the results to be obtained from these luxuries.

“After settling myself in this room I walked across the fields to the Boat, which is moored not far from the very fine bridge that spans the Yonne. M. Huet

had met me at the station and presided over my double installation, in dwelling house and cabaret. I found Mme Huet on the Boat, a bright little woman educated in a boarding-school at Rheims, and admirable for the work, as I soon had occasion to see. They have two beautiful little girls, remarkably fine children. The younger, little Lucie, who is four and a half, remembers no home but the Boat, having lived on it since she was six months old.

"It is *fête* at Véron, the twin village across the river, and as the Boat has been here only a few days Mme Huet did not expect much of a school this afternoon (Sunday). Thirty children, however, appeared, with twenty women and one old man, and I was charmed with the way Mme Huet taught the motley assemblage, who were in such a school for the first time last Thursday. She examined them on the Thursday's lesson (the Good Samaritan), and it was astonishing how much she brought out by judicious prompting. Then she taught them the parable of the Lost Sheep; we sang several simple hymns, and after that, to the immense delight of all and sundry, I made two groups of them on the bank beside the Boat and snapped as many shots at them with my little kodak; after which I had to explain all the intricacies of my wonderful little black box. Later in the day, as I came over to the Meeting Place of Fishermen for my dinner, I found myself attended by an admiring train, like the tail of a Highland chief, and great was the disappointment when I showed them that it was too dark to snap any more shots at anything.

"Monday. I dreamed sweetly in my monumental bed, between the great coarse linen sheets which are the pride of the French peasantry, and which I do enjoy. The little *nourissons* slept peacefully till about five, and though we had a couple of hours of weeping after that, their foster-mother was evidently kindness and patience personified, and they all fell off again at last into a long, clean morning sleep. By a rare presence of mind I had butter with my breakfast bread and coffee, for having incidentally heard an allusion to the fact that Sunday was churning day in Étigny, and knowing that butter is a luxury reserved for city folk, I managed to intercept half a pound before it was all packed off to the market at Sens. There is no butcher in town; the people live on fowls, rabbits and eggs and butterless bread; but my hostess of the Meeting Place, etc., has whispered to me that the game season will be open to-morrow and then her husband will shoot a partridge for me*.

"Notwithstanding the *fête* across the river, the meetings of both Sunday and this evening were excellent. Last night there were a hundred and ten inside and thirty on the bank—the more agreeable position this hot weather, and they hear perfectly through the open windows. A very interesting party

* This he did, and it was delicious, for my hostess was an admirable cook. I invited them both to eat it with me, to their delight, and after that they escorted me to the meeting.

of quite superior people came from Marsangy, where the Boat was last, three miles up the river. The people usually follow the Boat as it moves along, many of them walking even fifteen miles and back before they can bring themselves to give up the meetings. This helps greatly with the singing, as such visitors are familiar with the hymns. Pastor Fourneau comes from Sens every evening to help with the meetings, and he is marvellously well adapted to this sort of evangelizing. He is, indeed, a speaker of no common order, but though M. Huet is not so brilliant a speaker as M. Fourneau, he has a most impressive sort of simple earnestness, and appears to gain the confidence of the people at once.

"Tuesday. I took the little Huets over to Véron to the fair to-day, and it was great fun. I thought they would never have enough of the merry-go-round, and when at last they tore themselves away the gingerbread booths and the stalls of toys were cruelly attractive. However, a gingerbread pig apiece with sundry windmills, go-carts and whistles, at last brought the measure of their happiness up to the brim of their capacity, and we trudged gaily homeward along the dusty white road, being greeted along the way by men, women and children, all of whom appeared to have made the little girls' acquaintance on the Boat.

"Thanks to my kodak, and still more, perhaps, to my having played the hymns in meeting, I have become immensely popular. I cannot stir out without being invited into somebody's quaint little dark kitchen to drink thin wine and tell the story of the Boat, or explain the art of photography. Thus even in this short visit I am getting to know the people as years of French touring would not make me know them, and I find them interesting beyond description; and though their minds are dark, they are so alert and receptive that it is delightful to see them grapple with a new idea. To sit at the organ in the Boat, watch the faces while Pastor Fourneau talks to them in his terse, epigrammatic way, and see how they kindle at the light of some new thought never dreamed of by them before, is to understand something of the power of this Mission, and of the remarkable success of this work."

L. S. H.

Will our readers permit us to repeat a suggestion made in the October RECORD, that, as the new season opens, our friends will see that their Sunday-school libraries contain all the books that tell about the McAll Mission? Dr. Bonar's "The White Fields of France," Miss Moggridge's "Among the French Folk," with "A Voice from the Land of Calvin and Voltaire," not to mention "Fifine" and the "Cruise of the Mystery."

MISS BEACH'S LETTERS.

No. 7.

It will be remembered by those who have read the earlier numbers of Miss Beach's letters that on arriving at Paris, she connected herself with neither of the American churches, but with that of M. Bersier, her motive being in part to accustom her ear the more rapidly to the spoken French. All our readers know that M. Bersier was one of the greatest pulpit orators of modern French Protestantism, that from the early days of the McAll Mission he gave much assistance in the work, and that his last public service—on the very evening before his death—was to preach in one of the McAll halls; it is therefore with peculiar interest that we read:

“November 21. Yesterday afternoon M. Bersier commenced his Gospel lessons with the young ladies of the congregation. I was delighted with the instruction. The subject yesterday was the first prediction of the coming of Christ. They use a sort of catechism which I have not yet seen. I shall look forward to this hour every Tuesday with great pleasure.

“The lectures have not yet commenced at the Collège de France. They must have generous vacations.

“Last week I walked out beyond the fortifications to a little chapel built on the spot where the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, died by accident. At the time of his injury a little store stood here. He was carried into the kitchen, a small room opening into the store, and here he died. The King bought the land and building and erected this memorial chapel, which is a little gem. The painted windows are small but very beautiful. On the very spot where the Duke breathed his last is a fine marble monument, a reclining figure of the Prince over whom bends an angel. The figure of the angel is the work of the Princess Marie. In a small room behind the altar is a painting representing the death of the Duke; his father, mother, sister and other family friends stand around him, the bishop is ready to administer extreme unction. Near the door of the dark little kitchen are some of the principal councillors of the King. The Duke lived two or three hours after the accident, but was unconscious all the time. The painting is a very striking one. I cannot forget it. Mr. C. says the Duke was a noble man and very popular. He thinks if he had lived France would have escaped the Empire with its long train of misfortunes ending in the war with Prussia.

“I spent one afternoon at the Louvre, but did not really begin my study of the paintings. I walked through the different rooms to get a clear idea of what is to be seen, and it is quite a long walk. I shall pay a visit to the beautiful Venus of Milo every time I go there. I have seen copies of this statue, but they gave me no idea of the original. I have always said I admired

paintings much more than statues, but there is something about this statue of Venus which attracts me in a way I cannot resist. I go back several times when I think I have left it.

"I cannot give a very favorable report of political matters. The ministers will resign and the 'Marshal President' is seeking others of the same character. He seems now to aim to conciliate and cheat the Chamber into voting for the budget before the 1st of January; after that he means to turn them out in the cold again. It is the death struggle between the stationary notions of the past, and the progress, the liberty, of the present."

A friend of the family was to be married. As the contracting parties were not Catholics, they were content with a civil marriage at the *mairie*. Miss Beach was invited to witness the ceremony.

"November 25. The skies did not smile on the wedding—the doubtful weather of the past week changed to a driving rain. At ten o'clock we rode to the *mairie*, the bride and groom, M. and Mme C., two of the witnesses, and myself. Two witnesses are required for each—the other two were waiting at the door of the *mairie*.

"We were ushered into a large room furnished with settees, and containing as its sole ornament a large bust of the Republic. This was over the platform where the recording clerk's desk and the mayor's chair and table are placed. On this platform are the chairs for the bride and bridegroom and the four witnesses.

"Three parties had already arrived, and we were obliged to await our turn. This civil marriage is obligatory, and must always precede the ceremony at church. Many who are not devout Catholics dispense with the latter.

"After considerable bustle among the clerks, a door was thrown open and the mayor was announced. Everyone rose and remained standing till he had taken his seat. He wore a tri-colored scarf. He is a member of the Senate, and I am happy to say he voted with the Republicans, though he is an Orleanist. As soon as he had taken his seat the clerk read the certificate of the first couple, who then rose and listened to the statute stating the duties of the marriage relation. The mayor then asked M. A. if he declared his intention to take Mlle B. as his wife, and then Mlle B. if she declared her intention to take M. A. as her husband, and after the reply said, 'In the name of the law, I declare that you are joined in marriage.' Then each signed some document, and put some money in a little box, after being exhorted not to forget the poor, and the ceremony was ended. There is no regular fee, and all that is given is for the poor. At the door a clerk handed to the bride the certificate, in the form of a little book. Then the next party took their places."

The wedding breakfast of Miss Beach's friends was at the house of

Prof. C. "The programme for the afternoon included a drive to Bois de Boulogne, but the storm kept us in the house. Prof. C read and recited several selections, and one of the gentlemen sang for us."

"November 29. To-night the bride and groom leave Paris for the South of France, where they will reside."

The weather was for weeks very damp, and Miss Beach took a severe cold, from which she suffered through the winter. For some days the state of her health prevents her usual excursions. Then she goes to the Luxembourg and again stands fascinated before the picture of "The Last Victims of the Reign of Terror." Other favorites were Rosa Bonheur's "Ploughing Peasant," which appealed to her fondness for pastoral life and her love of animals, and the whole tone of the picture gave, she said, "an agreeable sense of repose." Another was, "The Evening Prayer in the Desert."

Her interest in French politics was very deep:

"The political contest goes on—business is almost completely arrested in consequence. The plan seems to be to prolong the crisis till the poor, rendered desperate by suffering, make some rash attempt to better their condition; this would give a pretext for calling out the troops and establishing martial law. But the people are calm.

"The principal merchants and manufacturers of Paris have just held a meeting and prepared a letter to be given to the President to-day. They implore him to put an end to the crisis by submitting to the will of the nation, expressed so clearly twice within the last two months.

"December 13. Just now I am reading 'Hernani,' one of Victor Hugo's dramas. It is very interesting. * * * The weather for three weeks has been so unpleasant I have not attempted to look at paintings. We have had fog or rain every day, and it has been so dark at three o'clock that one could not see clearly without a lamp.

"December 14. To-day the papers announce the formation of a new ministry. * * * I see in all the shop windows tokens of approaching Christmas. Some of the displays are very beautiful, especially those of toys, jewelry, pictures and statuettes. I stop and admire every day as I take my walk. One sees dolls of every size and description, elegantly dressed, while open trunks reveal supplies of beautiful clothes which ought to last a reasonable doll her lifetime. When I see the raptures of the children before these windows I wish my little friends could be with me.

"Christmas logs filled with tempting confectionery stand next Santa Claus, leaning on his staff and bending under the weight of the gifts he will soon bestow upon good children.

"There is so much taste shown in the arrangement of articles that quite

simple things present a very pretty picture. Between Christmas and the New Year, they tell me, there are little booths on all the boulevards where the poor can buy cheap toys. The presents are given New Year's Day, instead of at Christmas, as with us.

"The lectures have commenced at the Collège de France. I saw the programme yesterday and hardly think I shall attend many of them. Guizot lectures twice a week on English literature. I shall try to hear him.

"December 16. It hardly seems like Sunday, as I have not been out. I took cold Friday, and this explains my unusual caution. I feel lost without the service, which is all that reminds me that it is Sunday. Some of the large stores and the banks are closed, but Sunday is the best day of all the week for the *cafés* and all places of amusement. I am glad to say there is a large congregation every Sabbath at M. Bersier's church. It is necessary to go early to find a seat. Last week quite a number stood through the service. Those who go there hear true Gospel sermons, and I can say the same of the chapel in the Rue Royale. I have wished to attend some of the other Protestant churches, but their hour of service is just the hour of our breakfast, or in the evening, when I do not wish to go alone."

"I HAVE TO BE INTERESTED."

A lady was telling me not long ago about her little boy's interest in the McAll Mission. They were in Paris when the child was but eight years old, and went one Sunday afternoon to a McAll meeting. They could only remain a few moments, as they had but a little while to stay in Paris and many things must be crowded into one day, so they took a seat back by the door; and after remaining long enough to get some idea of the character of the meeting they stole quietly out and went across to the Madelaine.

But the child was not pleased with the great, gloomy building, and begged to be taken back to "that nice meeting where it was so peaceful."

Ever since then he has been much interested in the subject of the McAll Mission, and whenever an announcement is made in the church which they attend, of a McAll meeting, or when an appeal is presented, he turns to his mother and says:

"You are going to that, aren't you, mamma? You will give something, will you not?"

"And so," added his mother, "*I have* to be interested in the work whether I want to or not."

THE BIBLE IN FRANCE.

BY REV. A. DE COPPET, D. D.

A pastor of the south of France, in "The Review of Practical Christianity," affirmed lately that a decidedly marked reform towards the Holy Scriptures is noticeable in our country, and these are the proofs of what he advances: "The representatives of opinions the most diverse," says he, "do not hesitate to give utterance to the wish to see the Bible once more take the place it should occupy in the life of the people. If these wishes are granted—and God grant they may be—the Bible would ere long become the book of popular education."

This desire is echoed even by independent critics. M. Sorel, who is in no way a professor of Christianity, looking at it from a strictly pedagogic point of view, does not hesitate to proclaim that the book of the people is the Bible, and makes of its widespread perusal a social question, or more correctly, a social duty.

Is it not remarkable to see a freethinker thus rendering homage to the educational power of the Bible? And what is no less so is that several of the most eminent representatives of contemporaneous Catholicism are at the present moment laboring to make the Bible known and loved in France.

One of these, M. Michel, who has traveled much and has been able to judge of the benefits derived from the study of the Bible in the Protestant countries he has visited, has, during the last few years, unceasingly pleaded before the Catholic world for the return to the Holy Scriptures.

"What," says he, "are the four millions devoted by France to the propagation of the faith compared with the sixty millions given by England and America for the spread of the Word of God?" "It would seem, then," he concludes, "that all teachers of free schools, at least, should make the young under their care commit to memory the greater part of our sacred writings, and that those who have the cure of souls should assure themselves that every family of education possesses at least one copy of the Word of God and makes a practice of perusing it daily."

Monseigneur d'Halst, the rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, approves these wise counsels. Though, like M. Michel, he puts some very Catholic restrictions on the versions to be used, which must be invested with the approbation of the Pope, and on the dogmatic interpretation which the Council of Trent has reserved to the ecclesiastical authorities, he deplores the ignorance in which those are with regard to the Bible who are satisfied with the insignificant portions of the sacred text contained in the Roman Catholic prayer book. Going back to ancient times, Mgr. d'Halst recalls the place the Bible held in the teachings of the Fathers of the Church, as well as in those

of the great preachers of the seventeenth century. He quotes also the testimony of Pope Pius VI, who declared that it was an excellent idea to encourage the faithful to study the Bible, which should be accessible to all as an inexhaustible source. It is, according to this orator, and we hail the confession with joy, "an innovation in the Church, the system of making the Bible a sealed book to all but the clergy. Its careful and guarded perusal is, on the contrary, one of the most powerful means of strengthening faith and giving a Christian bias to souls."

To these testimonies allow me to add that of Abbé Garnier :

"We have abandoned the Gospel," he exclaims sorrowfully, and he sees the cause of this abandonment in "an exaggerated opposition to Protestant errors ; we wanted a reaction, and, as usual, we have overshot the mark. The Protestants say the Gospel is everything, and every one is free to interpret it as he pleases. We said, 'What is the use of the written Word? oral instruction suffices.' And so we have entirely abandoned the reading of this Book of Books which God has given himself the trouble to have written from his own dictation for our instruction and edification. We must then," concludes the Abbé Garnier, "return to the Gospel. It is the Gospel which has created civilization ; it is that alone can recreate it." And joining practice to precept, this courageous preacher, not contented with holding meetings in the most important towns, circulates widely that Gospel to which he looks for salvation.

Are these not signs of the times ? Our Bible societies, condemned by the Syllabus (article 18), scarcely expected to find allies in the very ranks of the enemy.

M. Michel attributes to the study of the Bible the prosperity of the young peoples such as those of New Zealand and of Tasmania or Australia. "What," says he, "is the reason these colonists are serious and practical? In my opinion it must be attributed to the habitual perusal of and the profound acquaintance with the sacred Scriptures.

"In their Parliament I heard the Bible quoted at every sitting. In the families there is daily Bible reading, and the Sunday rest is devoted to its meditation. The grand ideas of the Fatherhood of God, of His justice and unerring providence, form in these high-principled unwavering minds what we call character.

"If the study of the Bible has born such fruit, it is because (and we cannot abstain from arriving at this conclusion) it is the real Book, the great Book of the people's education."

Let us give the Bible as food to the popular conscience ; let us place it at the base of all education ; let us, in a word, labor to make it a popular book, and we shall not only have accomplished a duty towards our brothers' souls,

in which its perusal will deposit the germ of eternal life, but towards society, which can alone be vivified by the generations brought up in the light of the sacred volume.

It has often been said the soul of the nation requires to be regenerated. How? We are happy in finding the only possible answer to this question proceed from so many lips—By the Bible.—*New York Observer.*

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

[From the *Boston Transcript*, of July 29th, we take the following report of a lecture given by Prof. Bracq in the "Old South" Lecture Course for young people. The editor had the good fortune to be in Boston on that day, and heard the lecture, to which the newspaper report, good as it is, does scant justice. The historic Old South was crowded with young people, a most inspiring audience truly, and those who have heard Prof. Bracq speak will not be surprised to hear that he rose to the occasion in his happiest manner. The lecture was one of a course describing what the various nations of Europe have contributed to the forming of the United States.—EDITOR.]

"This afternoon I am to speak upon the part France had in the unfolding of the national life of the United States. I shall endeavor to show what France has done for America, first, in the way of explorations: second, in her contributions to American population; third, as to her influence upon the thought and life of the American people.

"French explorers have done a magnificent work in different parts of the world, especially in Africa. They have continued in recent times the traditions of those Frenchmen who, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, opened North America to the world. Many famous names are in this list, but I will mention only Champlain, the founder of Quebec, who explored the whole coast of New England, and La Salle, the explorer of the Mississippi. French missionaries were powerful agents. Three different bodies of them worked in New France for the conversion of the Indians, and the ministry of many had a tragic end. The literature they left was invaluable, but their most important work, as it comes within the scope of this lecture, was that they were first in ascertaining and revealing to Europe the geography of the most important parts of this country.

"The aim of most of the Frenchmen of the early hour was more religious than strictly colonial. In North America the French tried their usual policy, that of making provision for and recognizing the wants of all, and this policy in dealing with the Indians reacted for good among the early inhabitants of this country. The French also were the first to find the practical value of America in its natural resources.

“The second contribution is the French elements which have entered into the population. The founders of this nation represented the best elements for colonial purposes that the world has ever seen. The advent of the Huguenots intensified their qualities and broadened their minds. They came to this country, settled in South Carolina, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York. Boston received a larger number than any other place in New England. The Huguenots have contributed largely to politics and agriculture, but especially have they added a note of cheerfulness and gayety to American life which is wanting among our English cousins. The institutions of French Canada have also given good men for the industrial works of this country.

“The most important contribution of France to American life is its influence upon the thought of the people. The first great personal influence which forced itself upon the Americans was that of John Calvin. I am not speaking of his theology, but of his character and life. Calvin went to the city of Geneva and made it to his likeness by his teachings and the power of his character. The early inhabitants of this country were Calvinists to the core. Other names which must be mentioned are Montesquieu, Rousseau, whose influence was educational; De Tocqueville, whose work was as great in his day as that of Bryce, and Guizot, the historical teacher of a whole generation. The philosophical influence of France has always been felt in the direction of confidence in human reason. Is not the regiment of able men in France who are laboring for the advancement of pure science working for the whole world?

“In literature the action of France has not been less. What a stimulating effect such names as Sainte-Beuve, Schérer, Taine and Brunetière have had upon American writers and American critics! You have seen some of the poorer pieces of our drama, but no country in the world has had more of our best. The same is true of French novels, for many of your novelists have borrowed from them incidents and plots. Where are the American painters and sculptors who have not studied in Paris? And was it not from France that was sent to New York that beautiful statue which sums up the experience of a century of liberty in America, in the form of Liberty Enlightening the World? Your architects were pupils of France. One revealed such powers that France wished to retain him, but Richardson returned to this country, and his greatest work, Trinity Church, is a noble testimony both to the land which inspired it and to the genius of the hand which erected it.

“The influence of France is visible upon fashions, upon agriculture, commerce, and social life. Enough, however, has been said to show how extensive and intensive French action has been. I cannot close without mentioning the part taken by France in the great crisis which marked the beginning of this nation—the American Revolution. Justice and courage do not always

triumph against numbers. The condition of the Americans was not only deplorable, but it was hopeless. The French Government gave them help, were patient when misjudged, and never assumed any superiority. The French army provided for its own expenses; 1,400,000,000 francs were spent in the war. Help from selfish motives would have been given in a different way. The fundamental aspirations of the Americans were identical with their own, hence the enthusiasm of Frenchmen for America, for Franklin, and for Washington. Frenchmen fought for America primarily because they realized the thought of Lowell:

He's true to God who's true to man, whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all the race.

"I have briefly presented to you some features of the contributions of France to the life of this country. She has given much of her best and little of her worst. I rejoice that my native land and my adopted country have done so much for one another. In this I find the best guarantee of their future kindly relations, and my hope is that they may continue to march forward in the path of civilization by devoting their best energies to the arts of peace."

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